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ANNUNCIATION.

Virgin and Mother, this is the glad day,
Eternally by God it was ordained.
Remembering the sins that yet remained
On earth since Adam's fall without repay,
Nor man nor angel could this debt defray,
If life or death to give he willing be;
Celestial must the Being be to free
A fallen race; he now has shown the way.

Kneeling in prayer in her chamber white
Repeating God's laws was the Virgin fair;
An angel all brilliant from heav'n above
More glorious the tiding than rays of light
Enshrouding him: Mother, through thee most rare
Returned will man be to the God of love.

N. S. N.

THE IRISH-CANADIAN POET.

ALL the world loves a hero and the singer of heroic deeds. To be prolific of ripe literary attainments America is yet too young. The perspicacious critic would hardly turn to her youthful efforts when in search of golden gems, stamped with the full perfection of literary accomplishments. Yet the unbiased and just critic will find writings worthy of persual even on this uncultivated soil. There is Longfellow and Whittier, Emerson and Brownson, together with many others less gifted but not the less worthy; they too find a warm spot in the heart of every true lover of poetic and literary beauties.

Rich as the Emerald Isles are in true poetical subjects yet there have been few to sing her praises. Moore made the first grand endeavor; and his admirable success has given him a just claim to those honorable epithets "sweet son of song" and "the bard of Erin." Since he has so courageously taken the initiative, many weaker voices have caught the same noble strain and added to its ancient glories new numbers, and new beauties; not the least among these is Thomas D'-Arcy McGee, the Irish poet of Canada.

In the line of remarkable men we will seldom find one more remarkable than this sweet singer of Ireland's woes and glories, persecuted and exiled, derided and calumniated; still he loved the land of his birth. He was the son of truly Chris-

tian and noble parents, born April 13, 1825, at Carlingford in the beautiful region along the Rosstrevor coast. Here he passed the pleasant days of his youth. It was his chief delight to be with nature, to rest on her bosom and enjoy her delights at their very fountain-head. To him the blue waters of the sea, whether basking in the serene sunlight or foaming under the lashes of the angry winds, the quiet, grass-overgrown hillside, the picturesque, moss-covered rocky craig, the towering trees of the forest, and the beautiful meadow, dotted with lovely flowers, were to him a secret source of greater interior enjoyment than the amazed wealth of the multi-millionaire or the swaying power of the royal throne. The happiness and benefits of a collegiate education he never had the opportunity of receiving; the circumstances of his parents were too straitened. Those were the days in which England was growing fat by the labors of the enslaved Irish race.

Young Thomas had scarcely reached his ninth year when inflexible death snatched from him his lovingly tender mother. Her untimely death was a sad blow, the memory of the sorrowful event was so deeply impressed in the poet's heart that neither time nor his multifarious cares in his checkered life were ever able to efface it. From this unhappy day his life was a continual succession of changes, triumphs and misfortunes. The only education he had ever received was that of the common school. But industry, and close application to his books were his delights, he had not yet passed his teens when every volume that

had come within his reach had been carefully read but especially those relating to Irish history. He was an earnest lover of freedom and despised tyranny and unjust oppression of a free people as the most damnable act one nation could commit against another. The triumphs of the American Revolutionary heroes had reached his ears. But no work made such a lasting impression on his heart as the reading of the Life of Washington. His youthful heart is all aglow, he must enjoy the blessings of liberty in that happy land where the tyrant lay chained with iron fetters to the primeval, irremovable rock.

At the age of nineteen he bid adieu to his native land resolved to seek his fortune

“..in the land where Franklin lies
At peace beneath the disarmed skies,
Where Jefferson and Jackson rest,
Like valiant men, on victory's breast,
Where, his benignant day task done,
The clouds have closed round Washington—
The star amid the luminous host
Which guides mankind to freedom's coast.”

In his new home he soon found many friends, and in a short time his uncommon talents gained him an honorable position to earn an honest livelihood. He was soon connected with the Boston Pilot, then the chief exponent of Ireland's interest in the New World. Only two years he remained in this secondary position when he became its chief editor. His heart and soul were with his task. Ireland's cause were the supreme words that came from his pen and lips. In the editorial page and on the lecture platform he vigorously

advocated her just rights. His fame increased, and ere long the poor "Wexford boy" had gained the favor of the great Irish leader Daniel O'Connell who called his spirited editorials "the inspired writings of the exiled Irish boy in America."

The editorship of the leading Dublin paper being offered to him he again returned to his native land. This position, however, he only occupied for a short time. The paper was too conservative; he desired a more aggressive organ to give vent to his feelings and to advance with giant strides the cause of his beloved Ireland. He was unwilling to have his fervid patriotism circumscribed by the too over cautiousness of journalistic expressions.

A new line of labor was soon opened to him. C. G. Duffy having established the "Nation" offered him a position on that paper which he gladly accepted. Here he could give full sway to all his fervent aspirations. The fire of liberty burned on every page of the "Nation". But here the young editors made an irredeemable mistake; they were too hasty. They heeded not the sound advice of O'Connell, that successful leader of Ireland's cause. They opposed him and the entire attempt ended in a disgraceful failure, imprisonment and exile; whereas, if they had patiently followed O'Connell's teachings Ireland might to-day enjoy greater liberties.

In deep sorrow the young poet fled again across the sea, poor, forsaken and discouraged.

"Alone in this mighty city, queen of the continent;
I ponder on my people's fate in grief and discontent;

Alas! that I have lived to see them wiled and cast away,
And driven like soulless cattle from their native land a
prey."

All around him he beheld the same sorrowful
spectacle; the Irish people

"...flying, flying, like northern birds, over the sea from
fear;

They cannot abide in their own green land they seek a
resting here.

Oh! wherefore are they flying as if from the front of war
Or have they smelt the Asian plague the winds waft
from far?

No they are flying, flying from the land where men are
sheep,

Where sworded shepherds herd and slay the silly crew
they keep."

Immediately upon his arrival in America he again entered the field of journalism, first he established the "New York Nation", but its career proved unsuccessful and shortlived. He then moved to Boston where he began the publication of the "American Celt". This venture, at least to some degree, answered the sanguine expectations of its founder. But McGee's permanent home had not yet been fixed. He heeded the numerous importunities of his many friends, sold his interests in the "Celt" and removed his home to Canada. Here he made his last attempt in journalism by establishing the "New Era" at Montreal. Its existence was of short duration. Mr. McGee was too little acquainted with Canadian affairs, and having steered his journal's course into unfavorable waters, it soon succumbed to the multifarious disadvantages which it met with.

Now Mr. McGee's career as editor had come

to a close. He had already gained renown as lecturer and orator. His friends persuaded him to accept the nomination for the Canadian Parliament. He acceded and was elected. The journalist had now been converted into a politician. In this manner he now faithfully served his adopted country until his noble blood ceased to course through his veins. Indeed, he met with great opposition but he overcame all. His oratorical powers were soon demonstrated, and his latent talents of statesmanship brought into successful play. It is due in an eminent degree to the instrumentality of his efforts that the various provinces of Canada were united into one and that the present form of government was inaugurated. But an evil eye was scrutinizing his disinterested labors and on April 7, 1868, the assassin's vile hand laid low in death the Irish patriot and poet:

"I'd rather be the bird that sings
Above the martyr's grave,
Than fold in fortune's cage my wings
And feel my soul a slave.
I'd rather turned one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With senates list'ning near."

A singular personality indeed is T. D. McGee. To be deserving of the titles patriot, poet, orator, editor and legislator, should be sufficient glory for one man and all these can with right be given to Mr. McGee. The sublime office of patriot and poet he has succeeded in blending as none before or after him. His poems are true poems, they express faithfully the joys and sorrows of his anx-

ious heart. They may lack the elegant finish of Tennyson or Longfellow, but in noble sentiments and elevation of poetic thought they are equal to any.

The poet is always at his best when he sings of
"Ireland of the Holy Islands
Belted round with misty highlands."

His oppressed fatherland was to him the dearest object on earth. The inspiration of his best and sweetest songs is undoubtedly due to his intense love for sweet Erin. Only from the profound depths of a warm and a faithful heart such noble strains could ever gush forth.

"O Pilgrim, if you bring me from that far off island a
sign,

Let it be some token still of the Green Old Land once
mine;

A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far
to me

Than all the wines of the Rhine-land, or the art of Italie."
His native country was uppermost in his heart
and foremost in his wandering fancy.

"Where'er I turn'd some emblem still

Roused consciousness upon my track,
Some hill was like an Irish hill

Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace

Between its white, cold wings of woe;
Oh! if I had but wings like these,

Where my peace went I too would go."

In adversity as well as in success he struggled
on boldly and hopefully, gently admonishing his
down-trodden brethern to do likewise.

"Time singeth gayly night and morn,

"The longest lane must have a turn."—

And who knows lanes like Father Time—

A travelling man since Adam's time,
In every age, through every clime,
By moon and sun?
My brother lay this 'must' to heart—
The goal though distant from the start,
To struggle for is true man's part,
Till all is won."

He offers a touching apology for the frequency with which he repeats Ireland's glories; but at the same time he gives full expression to his ardent devotion:

"Oh! blame me not if I love to dwell
On Erin's early glory
Oh! blame me not if too oft I tell
The same inspiring story,
For sure 'tis much to know and feel
That the race now rated lowly
Once ruled as lords, with sceptre of steel,
While our Island was yet Holy".

Such indeed was McGee's fervent love for his native land. Within her borders he saw serene beauties that could not be found anywhere else on earth. These he embodied in his works, these gave the soul-stirring expression to all his verses, the patriotic, the historical, and the religious. They kindle a flame in every Irishman's heart. They recall to his mind the glorious days that are no more.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

ST. JOSEPH.

O St. Joseph dear, saint of our choice,
A thought of thee fills hearts with joys
And dries all tears on earth:
Thy name is music to our ear,
That bids life's sorrows disappear,
And turns each moan to mirth.

Enthroned in heaven's bliss untold,
O'er earth and sea, o'er young and old
His tender eyes keep ward:
Such is the mildness they express,
As has the power each soul to bless,
And draw it heavenward.

Unto the sad forsaken poor,
Whose tears drop fast through night's long tour,
A ray of hope he shows:
O welcome it all ye that weep,
Joy from the ray each one shall reap
With angel's sweet repose.

With Jesus in his arm's embrace,
St. Joseph guards at every place,
Confided to his care:
His presence is the dawn of peace,
The setting of wild storms on seas,
A fragrance in the air.

O Joseph dear, our patron saint,
When death draws nigh and all grows faint,
Be nearest at our side:
And on that dread and narrow road
That leads from earth to thy abode,
To us be guard and guide.

With wear and tear the angry storm
May rise against life's tender form
And shake it like a reed:
On Joseph's staff when strongly pressed
We lean ourselves, and softly rest
And give to storms no heed.

E. HEFELE, '01.

COMMERCIAL LIFE.

COMMERCIAL life at the present day is claiming half, if not more than half, of our university and college graduates. It is indeed becoming an octopus in the billowy depths of this life, reaching out and entwining with a tremendous grasp the flower of American manhood. In other words, commercial life, heretofore considered fit for the dullard and unimaginative youth only, has risen from its lowly station and is becoming the successful rival of the learned professions. It does not require a sharp, penetrating mind to see and appreciate the causes.

From the time of Croesus to the days of an Astor, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, or a Piermont Morgan, gold has, with a few exceptions, been the standard by which the world has judged individuals; communities and nations. Since the wealth, luxury and opulence of a country are in proportion to its commercial development, hence the fact that to-day nations are more strenuously in a race for commercial prominence than for the fame of being the chosen haunts of the Muses. No one can deny that the United States has been and is yet

in the "thickest of the fray" and seldom fails to advance when the opportunity offers. The consequence is that in commercial standing we are one of the leaders. A German, Dr. Vosberg Rekow, of the Central Bureau for the Preparation of Commercial Treaties, says: "The Americans are the sole commercial-political opponents whom we most earnestly dread." He seems to account for our progress when he says: "The entire Yankee nation is like a perfectly disciplined army, standing shoulder to shoulder at the forge, the loom or the printing-press, earning wealth from their industry." Hence in our own enormous commercial developments of the last score or two of years lies one reason for the increasing ranks of commercial life. Demand creates supply.

"Glittering prizes are held up everywhere in business lines," that is, success. What is success? In studying the life of men whom the world has called successful, we find by the deductive method, that success in this world means fame, wealth and character, but wealth principally. However much we may regret to say it, nevertheless it is true that by far the majority of our young men are seeking worldly notice and admiration, and since great wealth lifts them soonest to their goal, hence the mighty struggle for gold. To convince anyone that the possibilities of amassing immense wealth are incomparably greater in commercial life than in almost any other trade or profession is hardly a task. We have but to call to mind the great number of our wealthy business men, brokers, speculators, etc. Every city, town or hamlet

can, as a rule, boast of more wealthy business men than men of wealth in the professions; and what is true of one or a number of cities is generally true of a state or country. Furthermore, compared with the learned professions, commercial life is more characteristically a wealth-producing pursuit. Wealth should not be the chief aim of the lawyer, of the doctor, of the theologian; theirs is more a life of self-sacrifice, self-denial, of few rewards in this life. But the commercialite who aims at the amassing of wealth is acting in harmony with the principle of his calling. Hence wealth is demanded by the people in a successful business man.

Character is also required by the world for success, but less rigorously so than wealth. Father O'Reilly defines character, as "a firm, habitual disposition to truthfulness, honor, integrity, generosity and resolute energy of purpose." The severe training, trials and difficulties, which our business men have to go through to attain success certainly develops "resolute energy of purpose." And to say that successful business men are without "truthfulness, honor, integrity and generosity," is saying that we patronize a man, since he rises by our co-operation, whom we do not trust, that we exchange our dollar for something less in value. Especially have our successful business men, speculators and capitalists shown themselves generous, in the past few years, by literally scattering wealth in philanthropic schemes.

That fame comes to the successful commercialite is evident from every day life. That such

fame is not the true, lasting fame is also evident. It serves its purpose of making a man temporally "adored", then vanishes. Wealth in gold appeals much more quickly though with a less deep impression than wealth in sentiment, though oratory, rhetoric and common sense, such as that possessed by a Lincoln, Marshall, Webster, Calhoun etc. Yet for the time being the fame of a Vanderbilt, Morgan and others may outshine the fame of such truly great men.

Enough has been said to show that the commercial life offers greater opportunities for acquiring fame, wealth and character, and these, as general facts show, and we consider general facts only, the world demands, that a man might be worthy to wear the laurel. Thus we have a second and important reason why our large army of commercial men is on the increase. However, the success about which we have just treated is not the highest and noblest success. There should be and is for the thinking man an aim, a goal beyond this life, which ought to be of greater value to him than all terrestrial occupations, even though he should be held and enfolded to its heart by the long, powerful, eel-like tentacles of the "octopus."

R. A. W.

THE LAUREATE OF THE POOR.

FEW of the bards of English Literature have trodden that path in the field of poetry, which leads the poet's muse to "God's Acre". Fewer still have been so successful in their choice of sentiments, in assuming and upholding the disposition suitable and necessary to be effectual in this kind of poetry, as was Mr. Thomas Gray in his "Elegy written in a country Church-yard."

There is no doubt that he sought the muse within the sacred walls of the necropolis, and took his position upon the citadels of the dead, a place that was congenial to his contemplative and reflective spirit. There, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap" he conceived the idea of commemorating the death of the villagers.

Looking over the literature of every nation, we see opened before us two separate theaters of interest: one in which are represented men of original genius who for their efforts of intellect, their comprehensive grasp, their sustaining power and original conception occupy the first rank. In this list serve as examples the incomprehensible Milton, and inexhaustible Shakespeare in English Literature; Schiller and Goethe in the German; Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered", and Dante's "Divine Comedy" in the Italian: and thus with every nation.

Their station is now irrevocably fixed; not only—as an able writer has expressed himself—

by the overbalance of favorable suffrages, as by acclamation, not so much by the voice of those who admire them up to the verge of idolatry and crave them as their daily bread, and everywhere seek their works with an insatiable appetite; not so much by the eulogy of those who openly throughout the whole world proclaim their prodigious powers and wonderful genius, as by the silent homage recorded in the endless multiplication of what they have bequeathed to us, and by the unanimous "all hail" of intellectual Christendom. These are the men destined to be held in everlasting remembrance by every generation of men. Their power of originality, of comprehensiveness, and of execution forms the zenith in literature. Next to them, however, there is a second class of interest in which the wonderful power of execution, applied to conceptions of an inferior degree, is equally remarkable; therefore equally deserving of record on the list of classics. The special characteristic of this class is elaborate perfection. The inferiority of the authors falling under this category, is due to the circumstance of their moving in a smaller sphere of power, and of original conception. Their position as classics rest in the exquisite finish of minor conception. And to this class belongs many a finished jewel, and polished gem of English literature, amongst which Gray's immortal "Elegy" shines most brightly.

It is Gray that gives us the distinctive character of the best poetry of the 18th. century. There we delight in familiar expressions dressed in beautiful and pathetic language set to harmoni-

ous numbers. That part, as all critics admit, has never been achieved by any poet in any tongue, with more complete perfection and success than in the immortal "Elegy", which for a century and a half has given to greater multitudes of men more genuine pleasure and delight than any other simple production in all the rich and glorious realm of English verse. A truth which Johnson has expressed most accurately, when he tells us, it "abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo". In the very introduction the author presents to us not only exquisite examples of scenic selections and fine embodiments of circumstances, but he also places before us the simple everpleasing thought awakened by comparing the declining course of human life to the phases of evening. We not only delight in the sparkling ornament of the comparison but also feel affected; our plane is raised: it aids us to look beyond the horizon of our mortal existence.

His power of portraying objects has always in it a bewitching savor of newness. The Churchyard is strikingly photographed upon our memory. His ideas conceived at the aspect of the graveyard are compressed into the fewest words, being so chosen as to suggest more to the reader than they really express. More peculiar, however, is the interest which attends his pathetic lines, expressing those grand Catholic feelings, that belong to the grand Catholic situation of life. Of this we have an example in the stanza "let not

ambition mock their useful toil." A feeling of satisfaction is called forth from the bosom of the poor and miserable in their burdened life's experience, seeing that man's greatness rests not in striking performances, not in wealth and honor, not even in knowledge and wisdom, but in the faithful performance of one's duties: "the paths of glory lead but to the grave".

In point of poetical expression at every turn the following is perhaps the noblest in the entire poem:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

How burning is the feeling associated with these graceful strokes that have become proverbial. They are like a household image, rising among the household remembrances, never separated from the spirit of delight, but ever hallowed by human love. The lively expression made upon the reader's mind, waxes to sublimity at the poet's allusion to the possibility that under his feet some genius, "some heart, once pregnant, with celestial fire" now rest in their "neglected spot", because the hand of penury held back the necessary means and opportunities for the development of their genius. Only Gray's deeply affected mind could strike such notes that never failed to re-echo from the pathetic and sympathetic chord of human heart—from the young and ingenious not less than from the old and philosophic.

The touching sentiments embodied in these lines,

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e’er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?”

call forth feelings that can only be felt, but to which words cannot be applied. Man, when his life is ebbing fast and “the helpless body seems to be sinking down abysmal depths with the weight of its own interest,” seems to find one soothing relief in his affliction, caused by the painfulness in life’s departure, by casting “one longing lingering look behind”.

But recurring once more to the question we have suggested of Gray’s place in literature, let us content ourselves with indicating the poet’s own views of that point, when he became, as it were, subjective, entertaining the favoring thought that some kindred spirit shall inquire “his fate, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,” did relate “their artless tale”. In these words the poet indirectly predicted the unquestionable claim of his “Elegy” in English literature. The fame of Gray is undoubtedly secured in the “Elegy” against the weapons of time. Its influence is not limited, but touches every heart. It expresses in an exquisite manner feelings and thoughts that are universal. A certain grace and amity, delightful both to the fancy and to the ear, outshine all the ideas. This proves the author’s genius, for it constitutes the very dress of nature without which all beauties are imperfect. Conciseness and strength, with an ever judicious choice of circumstances in his pictorial representations, are

the prevailing characteristics of the poem, exhibiting the author's art. In a word, the whole "Elegy" is a casket of gems in English literature, and a masterpiece of elegiac composition. We can but repeat the words of Dr. Johnson, saying, "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

E. HEFELE, '01.

THE INDIAN'S WAIL.

Depart! And must I from this lovely spot?
But hush my worthless sigh!
Or war with palefaced thieves! Oh, bitter lot!
And yet he is so nigh!

Beneath the balmy shade of this grand oak
Lie hid my parents' bones.
Leave you? A dictum I cannot revoke.
Farewell to our dear homes!

But hold! Great Manitou's vengeance will find
This de-royer of peace;
And blood and war his traitor soul will bind
To goods he'll not release,

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

ABILITY.

ABILITY comes home to our mind when we consider how largely it enters upon the life, the actions, the tendencies, the character of nearly every individual. The word conveys the impression of strength, power, skill, dexterity, efficiency, firm resolve, perseverance, and success. It implies qualities, at once general but distinct, comprehensive but singular. Ability is the manifestation of action, it denotes active power, or power to perform. In its undeveloped state it is properly called capacity, which word conveys to us the idea of the possession of forces and resources that are potential rather than actual. Ability is that distinct faculty which endows the young man with manhood.

To proceed, what would you expect to find in the man whom you describe as able? He would have to be self-poised, self-controlled and sensible. He cannot be flighty, irresponsible, or untrustworthy. Reliability constitutes one of his chief characteristics. It is impossible to imagine a truly able man as weak and washy. He must necessarily be staunch, resolved to know perfectly his own mind. Whilst he does not need to be a genius, much less a dullard, he must be a man who knows and sees what can and what cannot be done, and doing instantly what can be done. We do not care for vain show and proud display, we rather suspect good, masterly, but modest ability.

When a man has organized his faculties, his knowledge, to work on it as on a fixed principle, to wield it as a weapon in defense or advance of any argument, then he is a very able man. I say, when he has organized his knowledge in a particular direction, to call attention to the fact that a man may be very able in one profession, whilst in another he would prove a helpless, awkward child. As a rule, a common day-laborer is not a competent statesman, nor is the uneducated a scholar, but each may be an able man in his own proper sphere.

Insight into things and their relations is another important requisite of ability. Well has Goethe said: "There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight." A clear insight doubles his power by giving the thing the right direction. Thus, a man, able, earnest, energetic will make mistakes minister to wisdom, he converts the very obstacles he vanquishes into a power. Indeed, obstacles will point out to him the way, will illumine the path, will stimulate his purpose to overcome them. Success may lend her gracious smile to all his undertakings, but the truly able man does not assume an offending or insolent air, for this would render him despicable to his neighbors and odious to his inferiors; it would show his disability of conduct towards them. He does not squander unscrupulously that personal pronoun "I", but still, he never doubts his own importance. The conviction of his own importance destroys pretence, it indicates to him the great vital fact, that all influential power in any of his re-

spective departments, practical, intellectual, moral, depends, to a great extent, on his own personal efficiency.

The innermost secret of the success of an able man is this, that labor cannot be weary, nor can obstacles dishearten, nor drudgery cause aversion. Unlimited control over all impediments, to dispose them, to further his own interests, indicates the degree in which the able man possesses creative spiritual energy. Thus, his ability commands authority of opinion, by means of them he communicates life and movement to society. Numerous examples of this fact are afforded to the careful student of history. All great men have recognized ability as an important factor of their success. The tiller of the soil, the mechanic, the statesman, the general, the scientist, the philosopher, all offer incense of gratitude on the altar of ability. Although ability is not the first, it certainly is one of the principal means to make a man happy and content in this life. What is sweeter, what is more pleasant, than to cast back a glance at the obstacles overcome by indomitable, reasonable energy, to remember that impediments were removed through his own ability, that his social surroundings were made happy. A joy will fill his heart that he will not exchange for gold.

Though the term ability has received a very broad meaning, it does not follow that it can be applied to any means just or unjust, through which a man may achieve success. No! true ability does not transgress the laws of another per-

son's right, nor does it violate honesty or justice. To do a dishonest act is not ability, but shrewdness, cunning, treachery. To take advantage, to profit unjustly at the expense of another is never properly called ability.

In all the accomplishments of an able man, there is no luck or accident. Ability is the result of hard work and labor; it wins the admiration of true men, whilst luck wins the esteem of the people. Also here we may apply what Whipple affirms, that "nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents honors and opportunities;" but it is only the able man who knows how to dispose properly of these opportunities and therefore his success.

What should we say of the unable man? He is only an image of a man. Permit me again to refer to Whipple. He says "a man may be a union man, a national man, a silver man, a gold man, a temperance man etc. and still be very little of a man." The unable man, even, if he has received a liberal education is of little value to himself, and to his neighbor he becomes a burden.

He comes into the world but to die at the very threshold of manhood. He is forced to submit to any proclamation of opinions, to any bombardment of words. Very frequently, he is the cause of disorder, great disasters and even of war. He may possess all the knowledge, if he cannot manage it, it avails him nothing. Lord Bolingbroke tells us of such a man who had read twelve to fourteen hours a day for twenty five or thirty

years and had heaped together so much learning as could possibly be crowded into a head. He consulted this astounding prodigy one day, but with utter disappointment. To ask that man a question was to wind up a spring in his memory that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, and if he omitted anything it was the very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have confined him.

It is often remarked, that the young man when saying the last farewell to his Alma Mater should not only know something, but be something, that is, he should enter the world, if not as an accomplished, at least, as an able man. An educated man that is forced to creep along with an apologetic air has no delicious future to wait for. He may undertake voyages to the moon, or attempt other utopian projects, all of which tend to make him ridiculously famous. "His knowledge instead of being fused is confused." Anarchy of the mental faculties reigns supreme.

Let us return to the more pleasing side of the question. The able man possesses the knowledge of what he knows, and if he confesses to know nothing, he must nevertheless know something. Why is it, that men place so much confidence in him, because in every vital thought or deed, whatsoever he undertakes, his ability appears. Assured of success, he throws his whole energy into the realization of that object which he desires to obtain. His different mental faculties are stationed, as it were, on every important post. All are alert to whatever is going on; all owe perfect

submissive obedience to the one power—the able man. Thus, the able person manages all his affairs properly, keeps down disorder, dissatisfaction, and lifts his surroundings into the happy and exhilarating regions of peace and order.

Emerson laid down the law that ability in the Anglo-Saxon race is constitutional. So it is to a large extent in certain directions, but ability is a universal faculty, it is not exclusively confined to one single privileged race. Nearly every individual possesses some ability tending to this or that direction. But it must be developed, it must be brought out. By developing it a person can acquire a perfection of ability which once he thought impossible. It is not necessary that the able person must become prominent and world-famed. The humblest wage-earner may be abler, than the most highly salaried.

Whilst I have tried to picture in a few rough outlines some characteristics inherent in ability, may I be permitted to conclude with the words of A. Hamilton—himself an able man, the right hand of Washington. He says: “What is power but the ability of doing a thing? What is the ability of doing a thing but the power of employing the means necessary to its execution?”

H. SEIFERLE, '01.

HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

THE days spent at college are no doubt interspersed with bright and joyous, dark and cheerless hours. If at the end of a scholastic year, however, we cast a retrospective glance over the past we will perceive that the hardships which have been undergone no longer, strange to say, present themselves to our memory. Those obstacles which at times obstructed our path to knowledge and appeared like insurmountable barriers, are then recollected with great satisfaction; for just as vigorous exercise tempers the muscles of the athlete so these difficulties have strengthened and enlarged the faculties of our mind. The little inconveniencies, bitter in themselves, have nevertheless imparted an agreeable savor to our labor not much unlike the salt we use in seasoning our food. We often permit our minds to recall the pleasant scenes of those by gone days, and at the same time take pleasure in communicating those reminiscences to our friends. Not a few of us may have often noticed that among our reverend clergy we find many a good and noble priest who loves to speak of his college days. Out of an apparently insignificant incident, in which he has somehow or other been concerned, he will often evolve a long but interesting story. I will endeavor to show how the truth of the above sentence came home to my mind.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of spending

a few days of my Christmas vacation with a jovial but no less pious parish priest commonly known as Father Francis. His family name was rarely mentioned by his friends or devoted parishioners. Father Francis was a sincere friend of students; this could be chiefly seen from the fact that during the time of their vacation a number of students availed themselves of his generous invitation to spend a few days with him. He was always willing to lend a helping hand to any deserving young man who desired to obtain an education. The Father and a few friends including myself were enjoying those pleasures which a cold winter's night affords about the cheerful hearth. At length some one put the following question "Father Francis, won't you please favor us by narrating some incident of your college days? I am certain that we will all be very much delighted." The Father pleased in being requested to speak of his favorite subject answered: "Well, did I ever tell you how I celebrated my twenty-first birthday? No, I don't believe I did, so you shall now hear it." As far as I can remember Father told the story somewhat in the following manner:

"If you look closely at the diploma hanging above the desk in my office, you will observe that I received the degree A. B. on the twelfth of June 1878, I will, however, mention a few words regarding the labor I underwent in order to obtain the right to affix to my name the first two letters of the alphabet. I entered St. College September the seventh 1873. Then began, although I did not always realize it, the happiest days of my life;

and, believe me, they passed quickly, yes, too quickly away. I was hardly aware of it when four years sped by in rapid flight. I had now returned to renew my studies for the fifth and sad to say the last time. The fact that my blissful college days were swiftly drawing to a close now loomed before me. There was another thought which suddenly came to my mind and which appeared very singular. I was then twenty years old and my next birthday would be in the following June. Now, as the day for commencement had not yet been decided upon, the question arose, whether I would first become of age and then an alumnus, or *vice versa*. In fact I was always under the impression that the anniversary of my birth would precede.

“Earnest study in preparation for the final examinations began after the Christmas holidays. Those few months intervening between that time and June seemed to me like so many weeks. June the second arrived and with it the examinations. These, however, were soon over, and then my college days were practically numbered with the past. The day for commencement had been set for Thursday, June twelfth, the day preceding my birthday. Some time previous I had received a letter from my father stating that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, it would be impossible for him to be present. On Thursday afternoon of that same week I received another letter in which I was very urgently requested, if at all possible, to be home Friday evening. I immediately wrote

a few lines promising to arrive in the city on the 7:45 train Friday evening.

“The closing exercises began Wednesday evening with the rendition of Shakespeare’s “King John.” The following morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated during which the baccalaureate sermon was delivered by one of the most prominent clergymen of the diocese. Thursday night which was to witness the crowning event of my college work at last arrived. With what feelings of pride I received from the hands of the Rev. President my diploma; that document for which I had so long been striving. The alumni meeting was held Friday morning and a banquet in their honor was to be given the evening of the same day; but I for reasons before stated was obliged to absent myself. With a sorrowful heart I bade farewell to the reverend professors, class-mates and students.

“Twenty minutes past one found me at the depot for my train due at 1:30 P. M. What was my surprise but far greater disappointment to find that my train was thirty-five minutes behind time. What made the matter worse, I was obliged to change cars at the city of B.... and there were only twenty minutes intervening between the arrival of one train and the departing of the other; besides these two depots were at a distance of three squares from each other. What was to be done? Nothing, but trust to chance. I need not tell you how long these thirty-five minutes seemed to me.

“The train did finally arrive, and in a short

time my college home was left in the distance. I told the conductor of the predicament in which I had been placed. He, however, consoled me somewhat with the information that the train would make up for some of the lost time.

“Now while lost in silent meditation, I am swiftly conveyed towards the city of B. . . ., let us see what is taking place at my home. There the only subject of conversation one hears, is the coming home of Francis. Approaching the house at about seven in the evening we notice two little tots, Peter and Edith, aged five and three respectively, playing at the gate. It was almost half past seven when the children were called in to the house by their fond mother. Together they entered the parlor, where a novel sight met their gaze. In the center of the room, on a pretty stand decked in fragrant flowers, stood a large beautiful cake one which twenty-one little candles of dainty hues had been placed in an artistic manner. My mother was just engaged in lightening the candles. When the little ones entered such acclamations and questions like these were heard; ‘O isn’t that pretty?’ ‘Grandma, whose cake is that?’ ‘Why are those candles on it?’ Grandma told them that it was a birthday cake for Uncle Francis, and she explained that there were twenty one candles upon it because uncle was twenty-one years old that day. Peter and Edith were at the same time told to remain in the parlor until I should come in which would be in a few minutes.

“My home being only a few squares from the railroad station, none of my folks went to meet me

in order that on entering the house my surprise might be so much the greater. The train was heard to whistle and I was expected in a few minutes. To remain in the parlor was a severe trial for Peter and Edith, as they wanted to be the first to meet me. Their pleadings at last prevailed and they were permitted to go to their coveted place, the gate. Five minutes had passed since the train was heard to whistle, but still, strange to say, I had not made my appearance. Ten minutes slowly passed but still I did not come. Peter at length tired of waiting entered the parlor his disappointment being expressed more by his looks than the words: 'I guess Uncle Francis isn't coming at all.' Several more minutes passed and all hopes of my coming were abandoned.

"The cause of my non-arrival is easily explained. I missed my train at B. . . . Ah, but I spent a lonesome night in that city. I did not reach home until the following morning, so my birthday was celebrated that day but it was no less enjoyable for having been deferred a few hours.

J. MUTCH, '02

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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☞ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

With the month of March fair Spring will again make her happy appearance. The Winter has been a cold one and certainly all will be delighted when the barren earth begins to cover herself with a new garb.

Every month of the year is dedicated to some particular saint, or to some highly beneficial devotion. This is St. Joseph's month. All Catholics should especially love and revere him since he has been declared the particular patron and protector of the Universal Church. But how much more should we ask his prayers and intercession, who have the happiness of spending our college days in an institution dedicated to his name. Every student of St. Joseph's who has St. Joseph for his especial guide and model will never forget his Alma Mater.

The greatest glory of all nations arises from their early simplicity, general hardiness and staunch patriotism; the prime element conducive to degeneracy and final downfall of nations is excessive luxury, foolish prodigality, boasted and feigned patriotism, better, downright pusillanimity. Since the first tribes of the human race gathered together to form nations this has been the case. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Persians, the Greeks, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Spaniards, all rose and fell. These are undeniable facts of history; and history repeats itself; it has done so unflinchingly in the past, and in future it shall do so hurriedly. This is serious subject matter to which every honest and patriotic American should give a candid, sincere thought and unbiased reflection. Since the foundation of the Republic the grand ceremony of inaugurating the nation's chief has occurred more than twenty-five times. But let the careful student of history

compare the solemn and conscientious inauguration of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln to that romantic and spendthrift installation which took place during the present month at the grand capitol of this once heroic nation; in the difference he will easily discern the low channel into which our people are drifting so precipitately. This is going too far. Edward VII. is indeed a genius if, at his coronation, he can shade in the least by the display of all the haughty royalty at his command the affair which lately took place at Washington.

If all the foolishness spoken or written nowadays were transubstantiated into wisdom the poor world would perish from a mere superabundance of knowledge and learning. Well we hope the time is not yet approaching. In some late publication, if we remember right, we read a sentence to the following effect "The English language is a language of perplexities; to the foreigner it offers obstacles well-nigh insurmountable in pronunciation, and its net work of synonyms easily entangles him in painful situations." Well this is charming! Since when did the English language turn into that horrid channel? "A language of perplexities?" Well we do believe it is easier to eat sugar-loaves than to master the intricacies of the English or of any other language. The tongues of men have been confused, and the acquisition of one of the immense number requires a certain amount of labor. We are inclined to the opinion that those "obstacles well-nigh insurmountable" are rather

in the imagination than in the heart. That "network of synonyms" is the glory of our tongue; it is the very soul and foundation of our vocabulary; it gives to it the copiousness and facility of expression, a firm sonorousness of diction, an elegance of style such as no other tongue can possess. Those "painful situations" can only occur where the English is entangled in a secondary position. "A thorough knowledge of English presupposes a good understanding of Latin" etc. Well this is excellent! The study of any language will add to the perfection of another; but that a foreign language is so essential to the acquirement of the vernacular can hardly find passage into the convictions of any true lover of his mother tongue. We have writers whose Latin amounted to the insignificant and their Greek, well, to nothing, they were hardly aware of its existence. But what about the greatest writer humanity has produced, and that too on English-speaking soil, who understood perfectly his native tongue, had a smattering of the French, but knew "little Latin and less Greek?" We believe if this modern, sophisticated wiseacre would turn a little in that direction a ray of light would penetrate his clouded mind; confirmed prejudices would vanish.

Certainly Mr. Crawford knew whereof he spoke when he penned the following lines: "The head of the Catholic Church to-day must be a modern man, a statesman, and an administrator; he must be able to cope with difficulties as well as with heresies; he must lead his men as well as

guide his flock; he must be the Church's steward as well as her consecrated arch-head; he must be the reformer as well as the preserver of faith; he must be the understander of men's venial mistakes as well as the censor of their mortal sins." All this and even more is being accomplished by Leo XIII., the nonagenarian, energetic, far-seeing ruler of Christ's humble flock. During twenty-three years he has been the "straight-minded, honest and simple, yet keen, sensitive and nobly cautious," occupant of St. Peter's throne. His whole life has been a voluntary sacrifice to the cause of the Church; these sacrificial efforts are being multiplied innumerable as time bears the grand Pope, the *Lumen coeli*, nearer to the end of his earthly career. But may that time be yet far, far away. Often we wonder how such an aged man can do it all so well and so perfectly. Leo's encyclicals are the noble models of his perfect work; the last on "Christian Democracy" is no exception. It is an exuberant demonstration of the aged Pope's sound mental vitality. He teaches Christianity to men; not only to one but to all the nations of the earth. Would that his earnest admonitions, parental and timely exhortations were more lovingly and universally heeded by the followers of the Crucified; verily, then the earth would be by far nearer the realms of a terrestrial paradise.

EXCHANGES.

At present the *Dial* is about the only respectable reading matter we get from the state of Kansas. To tell the truth we are expecting to see it come in upon us, looking the worse for its acquaintance with a "hatchet". The editorial quotations from Newman should be shown and explained to the "Nation" constituents. For the contents of the *Dial* we have nothing but praise. The author of the "Province of Poetry" certainly appreciates his subject and possesses poetic talent in no small degree. The introductory part of his essay certainly floats in "suntipped cloudland". The plot in the "Broken Link" is threadbare, but is nevertheless couched in smooth diction. It takes talent, patience, careful research and even originality, to write a historical-religious essay. "Buddhism" nicely betrays the character and bent of mind of its author. The article is not only interesting but instructive. We might make a rough guess and say that the author of "Buddhism" is a great admirer and student of Macaulay. The flow of his language, the connection of his sentences and paragraphs justify us in so supposing. "Aesopicus" of St. Mary's is the only one that comes to our sanctum. Would there were more of them.

We have always reviewed the *Georgetown Journal* with pleasure, but the February number has added profit to pleasure. There is a golden vein of loyalty and patriotism running throughout, and

the Muses have been particularly lavish with their wealth. In this number Georgetown's glory, honor and the fruits of her labor, are presented to us graphically, in the eloquent production of Rev. James Doonan, S. J., "Georgetown in the Confederate Army," "First Celebration of Forefather's Day", "To Alma Mater" etc. In accordance with the impulses and promptings lurking in the breast of all true students, we extend a hand of congratulation, with wishes of many more years of successful labor. When reading "College Chameleons" we were at a loss which to admire most: the originality of the subject, the easy and humorous handling of the same, or the artistic illustrations. "In the 'Breaker'" is indeed based on true incidents of life as many a one can testify; the story is cleverly and pathetically told. Some few things might be adversely criticized but we take greater pleasure in noticing the creditable matter presented to us in the February number.

Ottawa! University of Ottawa Review! We have not had a friendly chat with you since November, last century.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nan Nobody. This is another pleasant little volume from the ready pen of Mary T. Waggaman.

Dimpling's Success. We owe this spicy little narrative to the genius of Clara Mulholland.

Benziger Bros. Price 40 cts. each.

Both are juvenile works which will not only prove interesting to youthful readers but also beneficial, both morally and intellectually. The underlaying principle of "Nan Nobody" is charity to the poor, that of "Dimpling's Success" is respect and obedience to superiors, gratitude and love towards benefactors; both authors have been successful in depicting and inculcating these noble qualities. Their heroines have been well chosen and sketched faithfully. "Nan" is indeed a true angel in the Farley's miserable hovel, as well as in "Uncle Jack's" elegant castle. The scene is laid somewhere in the U. S. But how the author could bring the poverty-stricken Farley's to "Uncle Jack's" neighborhood is to us a mystery. Miss Dimpling is truly a lovable character; and the conversion of her bigoted grandfather is surely due to her simple, faithful, upright and amiable disposition. The scene is mostly in Ireland and some artistic scenic descriptions have been interwoven. The two stories are indeed very readable. The author of "Nan Nobody" persists in using the slang term "Dad" for that noble appellation "father" when the simple term "papa" would not have been less endearing, but far more instructive. This should not have been done. The author of "Dimpling's Success" began in the same strain but soon followed the advice she put into Grandpa's mouth: "That silly name offends me, call him your father." And we fail to see why it should not be thus.

Milly Aveling. To the able pen of Sarah Train-
er Smith, author of "Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed,"

“Fred’s little Daughter etc.” we are indebted for the beautiful, pathetic and highly instructive story “Milly Aveling.” The chief peculiarities of the book are simplicity of style and diction most befitting the subject; an innate refinement of social character, which gives the story an air of purest interest. The place of the plot, the country-scenes, the “Gray Beach,” the beautiful sea-side, are well selected for charming descriptions and various incidents of novelties. The anecdote of the thieves, the radical change and conversion of the “Netterly” family is happily introduced to contrast the miseries of lives running riot in their passions, with the felicity of those in moral constraint, or the happiness in following the principles of Religion. The central doctrine of the story is to practice “the duty of ministering to others’ happiness.” The author has succeeded in what she seemed to purpose in her own expression: “I like to come right down to the ‘touch and go’ of Christian charity.”

Benziger Bros. Price 85 cts.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. Owing to the examinations held at the close of every session, society work has been somewhat neglected. However the Columbians have done one thing which is worthy of mention. They have revised their constitution. The committee empowered to execute this work was appointed some time before Christmas. The mem-

bers of this committee were: Messrs. C. Mohr, H. Hoerstman, W. Arnold and D. Neushwanger. At a meeting held Jan. 20, the constitution as revised was read and presented to the society for two weeks' consideration. The society met again Feb. 17th, and after a few changes the constitution was adopted. The C. L. S. can be proud of this constitution which is believed to be the greatest accomplishment in their history. Great praise is due to the committee. One feature in this new constitution is that it requires all members and all those wishing to become members of the C. L. S. to be well acquainted with their constitution. For this reason measures have been taken to have a goodly number printed to be placed at each one's disposal.

At the meeting held Feb. 17. the officers for the ensuing term were elected according to the revised constitution. They are: Pres. Mr. C. Mohr; Vice-Pres. Mr. Wm. Arnold; Sec., Mr. R. Stoltz; Treas., Mr. E. Werling; Critic, Mr. E. Hefelee; Marshall, Mr. P. J. Hartman; Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. E. Flaig; Librarian, Mr. S. Hartman; Editor, Mr. M. Koester; Ex. Committee, Messrs. E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, S. Kremer; Investigation Com., Messrs. C. Mohr, Wm. Arnold, J. Mutch, E. Wills, E. Hefelee.

The C. L. S. gave a public literary program on Washington's birthday.

The following students were admitted into the Columbian Literary Society Feb. 17,: Messrs. Geo. Arnold, R. Goebel, A. Knapke, H. Froning, R. Halpin.

A. L. S. The Aloysians met and elected the following officers Feb. 10,: Pres., Mr. E. Lonsway; Vice-Pres., Mr. J. Dabbelt; Sec., Mr. E. Cook; Treas., Mr. Wm. Fisher, Marshall, Mr. A. Lonsway; Editor, J. Barrett; Librarian, Mr. J. Lemper; Executive Com., Messrs. J. Jones, M. Shea, L. Monahan.

The Aloysians gave a private program Feb. 17. They intend to give a Comedy "The Living Statue" in the near future.

The Aloysians have increased their number by admitting the following into their society: Messrs. J. Hildebrand, P. Carlos, B. Wellman, E. Ley, L. Flory.

The Marian Sodality met the second Sunday of February and elected the following officers: Prefect, Mr. C. Mohr, 1st Assistant, Mr. E. Werling; 2nd. Assistant Mr. S. Kremer.

E. G. WERLING, '03.

ATHLETICS.

If the old adage that "the early bird gets the worm" is true, then there are excellent prospects for athletics at St. Joseph's this spring, for on Friday, Feb. 8th. our athletic teams organized. The first meeting was held to talk over and plan matters for the coming base-ball season. Various opinions were expressed and much enthusiasm prevailed. It is the desire and hope of the students to play about six games with the neighboring towns before the close of the scholastic year.

Several members of the Rev. Faculty have been interviewed about the matter, and all expressed themselves as being favorable to the project. Base-ball has always been the favorite game at this institution, and also the one which has been played with the most success. The present condition of things is such that prominence in athletics is almost presupposed when a great institution of learning is spoken of. For this reason, although the principle itself may not be a correct and laudable one, the enthusiasts at the college are anxious to make a good showing in athletics this year, not only for their own pleasure and enjoyment, but also for the future welfare and advancement of the college. We may even be opposed by some, but if we make a good record and have success, these will be among our most hearty supporters in the end. It is deeds that have caused men to be praised and admired, therefore, Gentlemen of S. J. C. show your tact and win, and then nothing will be too good for you.

A committee has been appointed to draw up a constitution for the base-ball club. The following are the members of this committee: Messrs. VanFlandern, Hoerstman, Wessel, and Theobald. Among the many regulations of this constitution, one important change was made upon our former ones which is: the manager must be chosen from the students who are not active members of the base-ball team. The following are the officers of the S. J. C. Base-Ball Club, chosen for 1901: Manager, E. Wills, Captain, F. Theobald. Nothing definite has been done in arranging games, but a good

schedule will be secured. The gymnasium has been put in shape so that the pitchers can practice, and VanFlandern and Welsh are gradually rounding into form. The contest for positions on the teams promises to be interesting and close. The St. Aquinos, who will make up the S. J. C. team to a great extent, expect to play the St. Xaviers every Sunday, in order to get plenty of practice for their out-side games.

E. A. WILLS, '03

LOCALS.

Snow, ice and smoke shovelers.

Who said there would be no winter?

I guess we become yet some more snow. Why not? So do I.

Hartman: Hepp is the prefect looking at me over his glasses? Hepp: I "specs" so.

McGill will soon be a famed novelist. His latest and much admired work; "A Footprint on the Ceiling," or "Who drove the Nail into Brother's Boot" is meeting with unrivaled success. His next work will be entitled "Dreams," or "Orchestral Somnambulations."

Sebastian: Say Syl, how do you like to translate Demosthenes? Sylvester: I find great difficulty in setting him over but as soon as I read that he was a republican I was forced to read him for consistency's sake.

Whenever I cannot sleep at night I simply rest quietly and snore away at the Greek Alpha-

bet. Roman's idea of voluntary sleeplessness.

W. Arnold: Ruskin was the greatest word painter that ever existed. G. Arnold: Why I never knew that. What did he do? Paint signs?

A number of the senior students, on one of our recent holidays, enjoyed a trip to Remington. Storytelling and selections by the Quartette were the principal features of the trip. Leo Werling received first price for the best story told. His inspiring subject was: "There hain't a better driver than 'Dom'." Refreshments were taken at the Remington House. After which the boys went out to see the sights of the city. The new Catholic Church is a beautiful structure fast nearing completion. It will be dedicated next June.

As Xavier rose one delightful morning lately, and saw so many pairs of boots, shoes and slippers and all sorts of foot paraphernalia scattered about his bed, he concluded that he must have been poetizing rather loud during the night.

Ben: I often think of many wise things. But say Amandus, what thoughts come to your mind first when the signal is given to rise? Amandus: I wish I were washed.

Candy, pea-nuts, oranges, or any other old thing you want or your little heart can desire for the satisfaction of the "inner man" can be procured at Brother Victor's "feed store." Everything first class, and courteous treatment guaranteed to all. Prices the lowest. No credit.

The two junior base-ball teams have organized. J. Jones will captain the "Victors" and J. Hildebrand will have charge of the "Young Americans."

Both nines are evenly matched and we expect to be treated to a fine article of baseball.

“Silence” roared the Chairman, “Mr Hoerstman will charm the audience for a few minutes with one of his oratorical masterpieces.” Next came a brave effort by the Orchestra followed with noise by the brass band.

The Collegeville barbers convened lately and decided to form a union. Only union prices, union hours, and the following motto has been adopted, “If you have the cheek to ask for credit we will have the gall to refuse.”

Some curious people would like to know if George Arnold was made for “Adam’s Express Co.”

Felix went to the dictionary the other day to look for “nothing.”

Benjamin leafing through the catalogue, when he beheld the photo of the band instruments, exclaimed: “The theorem we had lately in Geometry is clearly demonstrated on this photo. On one end is the bass drum, on the other is the snare drum. Now the theorem reads: “The product of the means is equal to the product of the extremes.” Therefore the drums make as much noise as all the other instruments.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Dabbelt, L. Flory, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, B. Huelsman, A. Knapke, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, M. Shea, J. Steinbrunner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, L. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, J. Braun, P. Carlos, E. Cook, W. Fisher, H. Heim, J. Jones, A. Junk, N. Keller, L. Monahan, H. Muhler, C. Ready, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. A. Sullivan, L. Wagner.

FOR CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefe, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, S. Meyer, E. Wills, J. Bach, L. Monahan, R. Halpin, T. Kramer, F. Mader, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, L. Flory, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, H. Froning, A. Knapke, L. Linz, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, C. Grube, A. Koenig, J. Lemper, P. Welsh, R. Schwieterman, W. Ernst.

84-90 PER CENT.

J. Mutch, M. Koester, E. Werling, C. VanFlandern, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, M. Shea, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, F. Didier, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, N. Keller, J. A. Sullivan, A. Reichert, A. Lonsway, A. Hepp, U. Fisher, F. Boeke, F. Thebold, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, B. Alt, R. Reinick, B. Wellman, T. Sulzer, P. Carlos, R. Stoltz.